

# THE LOWELL OFFERING.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

Written by the author of "Kate in Search of a Husband."

## THE SMUGGLER.

### INTRODUCTION.

AN American and European smuggler are very dissimilar in character; that is, if the pictures we have of the latter are drawn from life. An American smuggler is, of necessity, daring, but not reckless; he evades the revenue laws, but is not lawless; he smuggles in hopes of greater and speedier gain, is not driven to it from crime; and withal, he may be a good citizen, and ready to sacrifice the wealth that he accumulates in defence of his country, if circumstances should demand it. Whether this inconsistency of character arises from our political institutions—which take for their basis "that all men are created equal, and are endowed with certain inalienable rights; among which, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" or because smuggling is not considered a *transgression* of law, involving crime, but as an *evasion*, exhibiting tact, daring, and prudence, we may not here determine. The causes we will not trace; the character we will endeavor to portray. And by *smuggler*, we mean the man who imports and exports goods and merchandise upon his own hazard, without "*entry*;" not the man who makes a *false* entry, and adds perjury to smuggling. There are many who would smuggle, and yet scorn to add crime to their venture. Smuggling, in the United States, is regarded as a speculation—an investment of *money* upon chance; not one of honor, or character. To be *suspected* as a smuggler, is not to be less respected; to be *detected* as one, is a compromise of Yankee ingenuity far less pardonable. With smuggling, as with every thing else, which is viewed as a purely *legal*, not *moral*, obligation, success stamps it honorable; a failure only, is disgrace.

Again; a smuggler is but a practical illustrator of the principles of *free trade*, and differs from the theoretical one in this point only, that he likes high tariff laws; and the actual prohibition of any luxury (especially one the ladies deem indispensable) fills him with delight. Exorbitant duties, and actual prohibitions, are the life-giving spirit of his trade. Whereas, should the principles which he illustrates and practices, become general, it would ruin his profession. The fines and forfeitures, by which the violation of the revenue laws is punished, are the smuggler's "bill of protection" against the more timid. This gives his profession a smack of ro-

mance and adventure, the more attractive to the bold and daring. All of this is prosy and tiresome; but these details were necessary for a true estimation of the principal personage of our tale.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was within a few miles of the northern American frontier, in the spring of eighteen hundred and fourteen, that a solitary horseman was seen wending his way through the mountain passes (which by courtesy was denominated a road) of an unbroken forest. He was clad in a large gray overcoat, the cape falling over his person and concealing its contour, while a high standing collar of fur completely muffled his face. A fur cap covered his head; and his feet and legs were entirely encased in bright scarlet leggins, or rather stockings, for they covered his feet, and reached far above the knees. His horse evidently had been ridden hard, and the impatience of the rider still urged him forward at the top of his speed. The rider apparently was a man of peace, and intent only upon his own business, for although fast approaching the enemy's frontiers, he carried no weapons of defence, unless a large heavy-mounted riding whip might have been so construed.

Although the almanac marked the present month as belonging to spring, yet in that cold mountainous region, winter still lingered in all its fastnesses of snow, ice, and cold; and his horse, by a slight deviation from the trodden track, sank down in the snow with a sudden and unlooked-for movement which nearly threw his rider over his head. But fixing himself more firmly in his saddle, and tightening the rein, his horse regained his footing upon the firmer part of the path, without obliging his rider to dismount.

"Thank God! I am almost over this infernal mountain," the rider exclaimed aloud. "It is enough to make a saint swear just for the sake of companionship."

A few turns more brought him in sight of an opening large enough for quite a farm, in the centre of which stood a barn, and a small log house; that is, a house formed from whole timber, the logs laid lengthwise, one upon top of another, and grooved at the ends to fix the angles firmly. The barn was much more civilized. It was of pretty good sized dimensions, and framed from sawed and hewed timber, covered with boards. At the east end of the house, there was a large wood-pile, rivalling in size the house itself; and at the west end, there was an open shed, where, in spite of the frozen atmosphere, there were two men busily engaged in shaving pine staves, while a third one was setting up the staves into small tubs, which would hold three or four gallons.

"Do you expect any use for your buckets this spring?" abruptly inquired the traveller, reining in his horse towards the shed.

"Certainly, if you are in these parts," returned the elder of the three, coming forward and shaking the hand of the traveller with a hearty recognition.

"Not so fast, good friend," rejoined the traveller, "don't call me a *sap-head* until the custom-house officers catch me. But any news? Hounds ahead?"

"I was down to the captain's to-day," replied the forester, "and they thought from movements, that Eaton's folks had a boarder. You understand?"



"And so, they think to catch 'Smuggling Ned' with his pack on his back? Well, I have five hundred pair of boots coming up this afternoon. The men are tired, and I hoped to have sent them back from here; but if you don't see me within three hours, know that I am playing mouse to some cat, and make the best provision you can. How many of the boys are at home?"

"Three."

"Wont they lend a helping hand to a poor devil caught in toil? I want the men to keep the wood clear through, and they are nearly done up now. If the boys will lighten their packs some, and pilot them through the woods, they shall have my everlasting thanks; and you know Ned is no niggard to pay. But I will leave all the arrangements with you, if you don't see me within the three hours. By that time, I shall know whether to let pretty Sally watch me, or to fly her charms." And with a loud laugh and familiar nod the traveller rode on.

A mile farther, and the traveller reined up his steed at the "Tavern of the Woods." It was a low wood house, long enough for a palace, and not wide enough for an "entry." There were sufficient outside doors to have mistaken it for a saw-mill, and just as many windows as doors. On the north side, or rather end, there was a high hill, which extended in a semicircle to the east. On the south was a level, or plain, some few rods in width. And at the west, there was an abrupt descent toward the mountain stream, by courtesy called a river.

Down by the river-side, nestled under the hills, peeped forth a small cottage. And upon the hill east of the tavern, another stood out in bold relief, like a watchtower against the surrounding forests. Excepting the two mentioned, not another human habitation met the eye. Every side was hemmed in by the mountain's unbroken forests. Proud old hemlocks, which a century had failed to bow, reared their gigantic heads toward the brilliant sky. The spruce and fir towered their more slender and graceful forms, as if vain that they had been fashioned in a more delicate mould.

But it was the season of penitence and sackcloth with the maple, beach, and birch, as if one half of the year should be passed in penance for their gorgeous attire of the other half. Who can look upon a deep unbroken forest, where mountain and plain still remain undisturbed by the woodman's axe, and not feel deep reverence for HIM, to whom alone its fragrance in the summer, or its sternness in the winter, breathes anthems of praise? In its stillness, in its solitude, God reigns! Mid the bustle and strife of busy life, men forget JEHOVAH; but alone in the fastnesses of the woods and mountains, they feel His presence.

Some one has said that there is more patriotism among mountaineers than is to be found among the dwellers of the city, and the inhabitants of the more fertile plains—attributing the bravery and love of country, which has been exhibited in Switzerland and Scotland, more to the wild grandeur of their Highlands and Alps, than to the national education of the inhabitants. Or, perhaps, to be more just to the author's idea, he thought that the ever-visible evidence of the sublime and bold in the natural world, fashioned and moulded the mind more to its own image. With justice he might have added, that the contemplation of beauty and grandeur of the material world subdued man to a more reverential awe for the GREAT CAUSE who created it.

Perchance, with equal strength it might be maintained, that the frown-

ing darkness of the mountain and forest, is but the minister to sin, and to those who seek iniquity. That its wildness is in unison with the recklessness of him who would violate the laws of God and man. Satan, when he would have tempted Him who was perfect, "took him up into an exceeding high mountain." And the outcast from human sympathy, the reprobate of laws both human and divine, seeks the gloomy cavern, the secret recesses of the forest's glade.

## CHAPTER II.

The traveller alighted at the door of the house, and consigning his horse to the care of a man who stood there, (in such primitive settlements, in America, there are no servants,) exclaimed, as he shook him familiarly by the hand,

"Ah! ha! Amos, how are you? See that Turk has good care. Don't grudge him a good rubbing, for he is almost used up."

The man laughed out of both corners of his mouth, but vouchsafed no reply.

The loud tones of the traveller's voice drew forth the other inmates of the house, and the landlord and landlady, Mars and Tom, all appeared at the door and window.

"How are you?" and the *Yankee reply*, "How are you?" were exchanged, and the steed was led to the stable, and the traveller into the house.

It was evident that the traveller was no stranger, and preparations were commenced to furnish him with a warm venison steak, and boiled potatoes; and a mince pie was put to the fire to warm. The food mentioned was soon on the table, with other *et ceteras* of bread, butter, cheese, pickles, and apple-sauce.

While it was preparing for the table, the landlord and traveller had been closeted in an adjoining room; and before he had seated himself to appease an appetite which the strong mountain air had rendered almost imperious, Amos was called, and despatched, ostensibly to grind his axe on his neighbor's grindstone, where the traveller had first halted after crossing the mountain.

"Thunder! Amos," said he, addressing the man, "you must speak once. Tell the major to see that my men do not come within half a mile of his house. Tell the boys to cross the road down by the Taft brook, and see if there are any horse tracks in the snow beyond the bridge. If there are not, the road will be safe. Now see that your axe is sharp this time."

Amos hung his axe over his shoulder, and started on his errand, but without a word of assent, or comment; and the traveller seated himself at the table. He had scarce commenced his meal before a young girl, of seventeen, or eighteen years of age, entered the room, and glanced intelligently at the traveller, but instantly withdrew her eyes, and preferred some neighborly request from her mother to the landlady.

"Ah, my sweet Sally," said the traveller, addressing the girl, as the landlady left the room to grant the request of her neighbor, "you will make a poor man of me. You watch me so close whenever I come within the range of your charms, that, by my troth, I believe you'll catch me at last."

"Me, sir!" answered the girl, blushing. "You know we have no neighbors but Mr. Culver's folks; and if I happen to come into the house when you are here, you think I am watching you."

"And I am so flattered by it," rejoined the traveller, "that if I thought



you only watched *me*, and not my business, faith, I'd let you catch *me*."

"Oh, sir!" replied the girl; and as Mrs. Culver had furnished what was requested, she departed.

"Damn her!" was his hearty ejaculation as she closed the door.

"Well, captain," he continued, addressing the landlord, "I see you are correct. They have a fox up to Eaton's. I must get him out of his hole, so let us have Turk, and we shall soon see who will be on my train."

"Wait a while," replied the landlord, "you are too impatient. It will be good three hours before your men can reach the brook through the woods, and let them get in full train after you before the men come up."

"Will they be likely to start after me immediately?" inquired the traveller.

"Within fifteen or twenty minutes," was the reply.

"Let me see," he continued, musing, "I want them just ahead of the boys, and"—

A new arrival at the door interrupted the remark; and he looked from the window to reconnoitre the new comers.

"The devil!" said he—"more petticoats! I wish"—

"Stop, stop," interrupted Mrs. Culver; "no evil wishes on all woman-kind—you hope to be married."

"Not I, in faith," he rejoined; "or at least, not while I have two thousand dollars in peril by one of the sex."

The new arrival was a raw youth of sixteen, or seventeen, accompanied by a young lady not much his senior in years, but evidently his superior in intellect and intelligence. Mrs. Culver assisted the young lady in removing her manifold shawls, cloaks, and hood; and when divested of her superabundant quantity of clothing, the traveller, whom we shall hereafter give his own cognomen, Edward Clapp, half uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

The lady was rather below the usual size in stature, with a full and rounded form, which might create the envy of a modern belle; a clear and brilliant complexion, and every feature a model of feminine beauty. I cannot say she looked like an angel, for I never saw one, but she was a most excellent specimen of a young American beauty. A woman to love and respect—not a being to worship, or make a dunce of. The sunny glance of her bright blue eye, as she returned the ordinary courtesies of civility, made Edward instantly recall within his own breast the ungallant feelings with which he had greeted her entrance. For an instant he almost forgot his anxiety for his periled merchandise; but even a pretty girl cannot hold a merchant, or smuggler in durance, when his interest pulls another way—that is, if he is an American. If (as a foreigner has flung at us) the "almighty dollar" is not always on his tongue, you may be quite sure that it is nearest his heart. "Business first, and pleasure afterwards," is the motto of American energy. And often, too often, GAIN becomes the ruling star of their destiny, and they cease to be aught but automatons to secure wealth. I cannot but think, that if *money* was considered less the *object*, and more the *means*, that we should attain a greater degree of enjoyment. Wealth will ever be a minister to, but it never should be the ruler, or arbiter of, our happiness.

By the time that the last travellers' horse was disposed of, it was time for Edward to resume his journey, and Turk was brought to the door. As he mounted his horse, he glanced at the western mountains, and ex-

perienced delight in noticing that the sun was already too low for the young lady and her companion, servant, or *cousin*, to continue their journey before morning.

"I shall be here again before morning," said he to the landlord, as he wheeled his horse from the door.

The first mile he pursued his way at a brisk pace, and then tightened the rein and rode on more leisurely. But before he had passed more than three miles of the way, he caught the glimpse of two men in a light sledge pursuing him at a rapid pace. Without any apparent notice of those following, he continued his way slowly, but regulated the speed of his horse so that he was overtaken at the moment of reaching the bridge that crosses the Taft brook. The road was a narrow snow path, which admitted of only one vehicle abreast; and after passing the bridge, he leaped his horse into the snow, which was three or four feet deep out of the beaten track, and caused the beast to rear and plunge so as nearly to unseat his rider. The other travellers paused, as if to render him assistance if necessary.

"Pass on, pass on, gentlemen," said he, "I would regain the road; but as you drive faster than I wish to ride, I will follow rather than lead."

"As you please, Mr. Clapp," answered one of the men in the sleigh, "provided that you bear us company."

"Ah! how do you do, Esq. Eaton. I did not recognize you. It will give me the greatest pleasure to be your company as far as our routes are in the same direction. Drive on," he continued, as he leaped his horse back into the road, "but do not drive too fast, or my horse will not keep pace with yours."

"Mr. Clapp," rejoined Esq. Eaton, "you are aware that you have rendered yourself a suspicious person, and are suspected of carrying on contraband trade. And it behooves every honest citizen and patriot to examine well all suspected persons, especially at this crisis, when the armies of a foreign foe are on our frontiers; and"—

"Let me tell you, esquire," interrupted Clapp, "if *every* honest citizen and patriot examined *every* suspected person, then I should be better informed of your business than I am. You have long been suspected of being a d——d rascal, and it would not require any very extra effort to prove it. But drive on—my business, whatever it may be, is not furthered by stopping and bandying words with every bully or coward I may meet."

"But we must insist on your company, sir," replied the other individual in the sleigh with Eaton, who had been thus far a spectator, rather than an actor, in the scene. "I am fully authorized to see that the laws of my country are not violated with impunity. I have sufficient reason to think you a dangerous person to our body politic, and a bold unprincipled violator of our revenue laws; and to convince you that it is useless to resist, you see," he continued, pointing to the rear, where another sleigh had appeared in view, "that I have assistance sufficient to enforce my commands."

"Who you may be, sir," retorted Clapp, "I neither know, nor care. From the company I find you in, I should sooner take you for a robber and thief than an honest man. Questioning your character, as I do, sir, (from your company) you will not, or cannot, think my refusal to acknowledge your authority here as any resistance to the laws. I will accompany you, without the least resistance, to Capt. Higgins's, (whom I know to be an honest man) and there will satisfy you of the perfect right which I have



to travel all or every road in the United States peaceably. But as to allowing you or any other stranger to bid me stand, or examine me, in a lonely wood like this, I shall not do it. If you are an honest man, and, as you say, an officer under government, you will not refuse to accept my proposition."

"But, sir, Esq. Eaton can assure you of my character. You know him, and"—

"Yes, I know him," interrupted Clapp, "for a d——d knave. His assurance could not satisfy me, for I the more question your truth from being found in his company."

After some further parley, Clapp's proposition to proceed to Capt. Higgins's was accepted. Capt. Higgins's was some four miles ahead, and the first house at which they would arrive, after leaving the woods. The prominent object with Clapp was to secure their attendance upon *him*, until the darkness would conceal the snow-shoe tracks, where his men would cross the road, until the next morning, as snow-shoes were equally available for custom-house officers, as for hunters and smugglers; and men without burdens would undoubtedly progress much faster than men laden like beasts.

When they arrived at Higgins's, Clapp's first movement was to despatch a boy to a distillery, where potatoes were manufactured into a species of ardent spirits called whiskey, to procure a gallon of the beverage. He well knew that a custom-house officer would not be very likely to leave his glass untasted (the date of the incidents which we chronicle, was a long period prior to the Temperance reformation) even if the good of his country demanded it. The whiskey was produced, and the examination proceeded in rather a desultory style. A drink first made them good friends—all "hail fellows, well met;" when the officer informed Clapp that he had received information that he (Clapp) had purchased a quantity of boots in the vicinity of Boston, about ten days previous. That the boots were supposed to be destined for the Canada market; and that they had not as yet crossed the frontier. And that, by detaining him for eight or ten hours, undoubtedly the proscribed merchandise would be secured to support "the laws and dignity of these United States." And moreover, as Mr. Clapp must be aware how much of his information was true, that Mr. Clapp, if he had been misrepresented to the government, would willingly consent to the detention as a good citizen. (Probably the gentleman meant to convey the idea, that a good citizen was willing to be *suspected* for his country's good.)

In reply, Mr. Clapp admitted the purchase of the boots at the time and place specified; but denied that they were intended for the Canada market, having already forwarded them to the order of the quarter-master-general, for the use of the American army on the northwestern frontier. That the detention he should submit to with but little inconvenience. To be sure, Capt. Culver would expect his return there before night, as he had only rode out to view the fine sugar maple lots which were in the vicinity of the Taft brook. The very high prices of sugar in the market, had led him to think of the practicability of engaging largely in its manufacture in the spring, and he wished to select the most eligible situation. But probably Capt. Culver would think that he had concluded to go farther, and would experience no anxiety on his account. But as they would remain until morning, would it not be well to see themselves well provided

with all possible comforts, and he would send for another gallon of whiskey; and instantly despatched the boy again on the errand.

We have given the substance and manner of the examination, instead of the examination itself, for we confess our perfect inability to do justice to the original scene; although Yankee as we are, we could not give a just delineation of the perfect apparent nonchalance and coolness of Clapp, nor the plausibility of the officer, nor the apparent secret satisfaction of his party. It was like a company of cats playing with a mouse, until the time had come to destroy it. The reader is well aware that they possessed tolerably correct information. The only fault was, that their last information was dated twelve hours back, and forty miles south. At that period, the boots might have been seized, but their destination could not have been proved. Fifty miles from the frontier, merchandise might be intended for "home consumption." Ten miles from forty-fifth degree of north latitude, in the woods, or within the precincts of a scattering settlement, the same articles assumed a different aspect.

The night passed jovially away with the officer's party over the whiskey, and on the watch; but Clapp early complained of fatigue, and procuring a buffalo robe from Capt. Higgins, wrapped it around him and lay down upon the floor, and, apparently, was soon in a profound sleep. Many were the jokes passed by the other party upon his slumbers, but he watched with one eye shut, only fearing that they might weary of watching *him*.

The morning dawned, and Clapp witnessed with delight the snow which had commenced falling, as it would obliterate the tracks of his men where they crossed the road, and leave not a vestige whereby the tale might be told. His blandness and courtesy was only equalled by the mortification of the other party; and as he had waited the stipulated time, there was no farther pretext to detain him longer, and he was permitted to depart.

"You have tricked us now," said Eaton, as Clapp mounted his horse, "but we will have you next time."

"I will agree to give you the first hundred pounds of sugar that I make this spring, if you ever catch me again in as low company as I am in now." And bowing low to the esquire and officer, he rode off.

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## SEA-SIDE MUSINGS.

UPON the heaving bosom of the ocean

The embryo waves a restless murmur keep;

Still struggling forward, gathering strength with motion,

And hoarsely muttering as on they sweep.

Their crested heads now loftily they're rearing;

And madly rush they from the boundless main.

See! the bleached strand with headlong force they're nearing!

They've reached the goal! and now, they're lost again.

Methinks from them an emblem I may borrow;—

For human life is like the swelling wave;—

A tumult wild of mirth, and pain, and sorrow,

Hasting to meet its destiny,—the grave.

Amid yon ripples in the sunlight dancing,

Mark one whose brightness scarce exceeds the rest:

But, landward now, as pioneer advancing,

It comes in all its ocean splendor drest.



Far on the sands its glistening length it measures ;  
 Then to another doth its brief reign yield :  
 Yet, sinking, leaves a hoard of pearly treasures,  
 That late in coral caverns lay concealed.

Thus have ye watched, from out the teeming distance,  
 The fearless path of some exalted mind,  
 Who brought forth hidden truths to cheer existence,  
 And dying, lived in what he left behind.

Yonder, behold ! another giant billow  
 Comes foaming, dashing, onward to the shore ;  
 Lashes, with angry roar, its wave-worn pillow,  
 Then, spent with rage, recedes, to rise no more.

Left it no vestige of its might remaining,  
 Ere its majestic form in silence slept ?  
 Green slime and worthless weeds its track are staining,  
 And sundered rocks o'erthrown, show where it swept.

Ev'n such was he, who, gifted in youth's morning,  
 Hope to the world of future blessings gave,  
 But sold his birthright ; each pure impulse scorning ;  
 And only shame and ruin mark his grave.

There, softly from the deep blue waters swelling,  
 How gracefully yon crystal wavelet glides ;  
 And, as a pleasant whispered tale 'twere telling  
 To the rough crags, in music it subsides.

So often has a young and gentle spirit  
 Awhile pressed joyously the shore of life ;  
 But soon its parting voice came to those near it,  
 Sweet as an angel's hymn amid earth's strife.

Oh ! far on Being's shores, where dimly lower  
 The mists of Guilt before the sunniest light,  
 I feel myself, by some resistless power,  
 Swiftly impelled, nor see my way aright.

Groping, confused, I seek my destination,  
 May ne'er my feeble strength Sin's forces aid ;  
 Nor be it mine to scatter desolation  
 On aught that HE, the Holy One, hath made.

Ambition's meed, a sounding name possessing,  
 I ask not ; still not worthless would I be ;  
 But blest in life, and after life a blessing,  
 Would calmly sink into Death's silent sea.

L. L.

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## JOURNEY TO THE MOON.

### A DREAM.

ONE clear moonlight evening, last winter, I attended a lecture on astronomy. The subject chosen for that evening was our satellite, the moon, its seasons, scenery, &c. The lecturer happened to be a man possessed of a strong imagination, and considerable talent ; and as he warmed with his subject, he became quite eloquent, and gave such glowing descriptions of the possible Lunarian scenes, its valleys and plains, and the inhabitants

thereof, that I almost fancied myself there, standing upon one of the highest peaks of its Appenine, and taking in, at one view, all the picturesque scenery below. I returned home with my mind intensely occupied with sage conjectures concerning the truth of the remarks I had heard, and with more than half a wish that some expeditious mode of travelling could be invented, which would at once annihilate time and space, and land us safely in some snug harbor of the moon at a moment's bidding. I was about, however, to dismiss these wishes as utterly vain, when friendly Morpheus came to my aid; and, nodding in my chair, with my senses closed to all surrounding objects, I found no difficulty in leaving Earth and all its cares behind, and soaring aloft to that satellite I had so much wished to visit. I dreamed that, having by some chemical process or other, found means to divest myself of that essence termed gravity, and having put a piece of bread and cheese in my pocket, in case of being detained on the passage by adverse winds, I set sail. Leaving good old mother Earth far behind, I rose rapidly, and soon passed the latitude of clouds and storms, and entered the regions of boundless space. Soon I approached the moon, and landing on its surface, found myself at the end of my journey. But how different was every thing from what I had anticipated! That which I stood upon was not earth, but some indefinable, imponderable substance. The color of objects around was neither white nor black, nor yet any of the seven primary colors, but it was color, and that of the most brilliant hues. Animated beings, "of the queerest shape that ever I saw," "if that can shape be called, which is, and yet is not," were moving at a distance with almost the velocity of a steam engine. Some lacked heads, and some arms, while some were supplied with half a dozen of each. Some of these singular beings were solid and opaque, some transparent, while others were completely vaporized. Wearied and confused by this multiplicity of strange objects, I sought for some one to whom I might communicate my ideas, and turned to go towards these wonderful beings, when I perceived one of them approaching, with a strong degree of curiosity impressed upon his features. Him I addressed in the dialect of Earth, informing him that I was a traveller from a sister planet, who had come on a voyage of discovery, and requested to be shown some of the curiosities of their country. To my great satisfaction, he replied in plain English, congratulating me upon my safe arrival among them, and offered to be my guide in my "exploring expedition," as he had himself travelled extensively, and was well acquainted with all parts of the country.

Beginning to feel a slight sensation of home-sickness, (as is natural to inexperienced travellers whose organ of inhabitiveness is largely developed,) I turned to look for my earthly home, and made some inquiries of my new-found friend, respecting its apparent size, the time of its rising, &c. He informed me that it was truly a magnificent spectacle, but that would I witness it, I must travel to the opposite side of the moon, as it was never to be seen from the spot where we now stood. He offered to conduct me thither, to which I assented; whereupon he spread a pair of huge wings—when, perceiving that I had no such facilities for travelling, he folded them again, remarking that he would walk. Our road lay across the so-called Appenine mountains, but which we found to be nothing more than mere masses of *moonshine*. Those of the Lunarians whom we met on the way, regarded me with the greatest astonishment. One of them



inquired of my conductor, if that fellow, pointing to me, did not rain down in the last shower, for, said he, I should think his brains had been turned topsy-turvy by some dreadful mishap, and had not yet recovered their equilibrium. Another wished to know if I had not fallen from a comet which had just crossed the moon's orbit, on its way to the sun.

After a long and wearisome march over mingled masses of rocks and moonshine, we arrived at the end of our journey. Here I beheld my native earth, like a broad sun, beaming in meridian splendor from the unclouded azure, and bathing all surrounding objects in the loveliest earth-light imaginable. It was a glorious scene, of which I never should have wearied, but which baffles all description. None can form an adequate idea of it, but those who have witnessed it.

Being very much fatigued with our journey, my guide proposed that we should step into a printing office near, where, said he, you will have an opportunity to see something of our printing press. Accordingly we entered the editor's sanctum without farther ceremony, and found the editor seated in his arm-chair, with his spectacles on his nose, his hat on his head and feet on the table, looking over the last despatches from Sirius. After many vain attempts to decipher it, he threw it from him, impatiently exclaiming, "Next time our brother of the dogstar sends us news, I would thank him to send us a literal translation." Looking round the office, (which was spacious enough to contain a couple of the Egyptian pyramids) I saw ten or a dozen *imps* engaged in printing. Their printing press, as the editor informed me, was a specimen of the way they do the thing in the sun, it being set in motion by means of a volcano. The editor handed us his paper for our inspection, the *Lunarian Banner*, a huge sheet, twenty feet square, bearing for its motto, "Variety's the spice of life," and containing a little of almost every thing above the moon, on the moon, and under the moon. He presented us with a few copies for distribution among our good friends when we should return to the earth; and, in return, we promised to send him the *Lowell Offering* when there should be a regular line of communication opened between the sister planets—with which idea he seemed to be much pleased.

On inquiring with regard to the salubrity of the climate, and the general state of health in the vicinity, I was informed that coughs and colds were the order of the day, and that the mountains, lakes, rivers, &c., had been attacked with the influenza very nearly resembling, so far as I could discover, our late epidemic. Feeling anxious to see a case of this description, the editor informed me that he had been in attendance as physician upon a mountain that had been sorely afflicted with it, and as it was now nearly the time for his usual visit, he proposed to me to accompany him.

I accepted the invitation, and after a long and toilsome march, we arrived at the foot of this distressed mountain. It was vomiting forth torrents of flame and smoke, and every now and then giving a hollow hideous groan. We began to ascend its side, and had nearly reached its summit, when the mountain, which had all along shown signs of uneasiness, apparently being displeased at the intrusion of a stranger, set up a most tremendous roar, and shook its lofty sides with such vehemence as to send me sky-high, throwing me far beyond the sphere of the moon's attraction, and bringing me within that of the earth. The velocity with which I travelled was such that I was soon able to distinguish objects upon the earth's surface. I saw myself rapidly approaching the vast Atlantic, and likely

soon to be swallowed up in its waves. Luckily, I awoke in my fright, when, lo, I found myself in exactly the same place from which I had started.

If you would know the reason why I write no more sense,  
I wish to say a word or two in my own defence;  
And the only possible reason that I can now assign  
Is, that when I bid the moon "good-by," I left my brains behind.

M. A.

## A SCENE IN ELYSIUM.

OLD Jupiter sat, in a leisure hour,  
In a fragrant and lovely Elysian bower;  
With his foot reclined on an ottoman neat,  
Of the brightest moss and violets sweet.  
A gossamer wrapper around him was thrown,  
For a lover of ease had the old man grown;  
Yet his whiskers so fine were curled with much taste,  
And his smoothly-combed ear-locks fell down to his waist.  
His form was majestic, his manners were bland,  
Like Georgy the Fourth of our father-land.  
He was kindly to all, but his looks were more sweet  
When the Graces or Venus danced nearer his seat;  
And his eye roved afar, for some good-natured muse  
To come and sit by him, and tell him the news.  
Fair Juno looked on, with bright smiling eyes,  
Too shrewd to betray aught of fear or surprise.  
Her brow was encircled with jewels of light,  
Her train was embroidered with spangles as bright;  
She waltzed with Apollo, on Neptune she smiled;  
She frolicked with Cupid, and called him "dear child."  
But if Jupiter saw it, he thought it no hurt,  
And seemed not displeased that his dear queen should flirt;  
So he talked with Minerva, who came like a sage  
And complained of the follies and wants of the age;  
Sarcastic and truthful and witty was she,  
As a "*vestal antique*" is expected to be.  
Now Juno it pleased not to see them so free,  
And more brightly she smiled on the lord of the sea;  
More gaily she chatted with numberless beaux,  
But at Venus some glances most spiteful she throws,  
And what might have happened sure nobody knows  
If those who were friends had then changed to foes;  
But then a loud knocking was heard at the gate,  
And Zephyrus entered the bower of state.  
The goddesses turned to the beautiful boy,  
Whom they and their partners were wont to employ,  
When a message they wanted from Heaven, to go  
To cheer, or perplex, some poor mortals below.  
But sometimes his service by them would be sought,  
And a message from Earth to Elysium was brought.  
So here he now came, with his radiant eyes  
Filled with mischief and frolic and deepest surprise;  
All ears opened wide for the news he might bring,  
And when it was told their laughter did ring  
Through bower and grove, for a factory maid  
To Minerva for help, and for wisdom, had prayed,  
In a task which on her was heavily laid,  
And which she could neither avoid nor evade.



Yes; there was a noisy and comical scene,  
As they talked of the factory magazine.  
Old Jupiter laughed till red in the face;  
But Mars said such girls an army would grace;  
While Vulcan thumped on till knuckles were sore,  
And Apollo said *bas bleus* were ever a bore;  
Then Morpheus drowsily lifted his head,  
And, rubbing his eyes, good-naturedly said,  
That he would oft give them such wonderful dreams  
As surely might furnish some excellent themes;  
And while he was nodding, nid-nodding again,  
Poor Zephyrus stood there, and racked his light brain  
For reason to aid the petition he'd brought,  
But of which he now found there was little or naught;  
For Minerva was cold, and answered with scorn,  
That boldness like this could never be borne,  
That treasures to give, from Wisdom's deep mine,  
To them, would be throwing her pearls before swine.  
Then he turned to the Muses, who said 'twould be sport,  
And they to the Mill-girls at times would resort;  
They wondered if they could distinguish their voice  
From clamoring spindles, or stream's rushing noise;  
And whisperings soft, from Elysian bowers,  
Might be like the dew to perishing flowers.  
But Zephyrus wished that each of the nine  
Would promise her aid at once, or decline.  
To Clio he went; who, with plectrum and book,  
Could scarcely vouchsafe him a nod or a look;  
Her favors the greatest of mortals might ask,  
The noblest of writings, she said, were her task.  
And then to Euterpe poor Zephyrus flew,  
Who laughed in his face, and her *tibiræ* blew;  
She asked if in Logic her aid was desired,  
And if Music, by them, was warmly admired.  
Then Thalia he met, with her comical grace,  
With a wink in her eye, and a leer on her face;  
She hitched in his mantle the end of her crook,  
For such were the freedoms the muse often took;  
But she readily promised him that which he sought,  
And said that the maidens by her should be taught.  
"O, surely," said she, "'twill be such nice fun,  
I wish that my labor e'en now was begun."  
Then the messenger went, and to Melpomene  
He gracefully bowed, and low bent the knee:  
She laid from her hand the sceptre and crown,  
And pensively smiled, as she calmly looked down,  
But when his request she had patiently heard,  
A refusal she gave in a single short word;  
Then raising her mantle, with dignified grace,  
She veiled in its folds her beautiful face.  
To fair Terpsichore next Zephyrus went,  
For he on his errand was earnestly bent;  
She paused in her dance, and threw down her flute,  
And gazed in his face, as smiling as mute.  
Her answer was kind, but no promise she gave,  
For she to her word would ne'er be a slave;  
And she asked of Erato, who stood at her side,  
If they o'er such efforts might ever preside.  
"Sure, you should know best," said the sweet little muse,  
"And you are aware that I ne'er can refuse;  
We surely may bow, when mortals aspire,"  
Then she threw down her bow, and tuned her soft lyre.  
He thanked her, and smiled, and turned on his way,  
To graceful enchanting Polyhymnia,

Who stood in her beauty, with pearl-circled brow,  
 But her scroll and her barbitos thinks she of now,  
 Nor will list to a word the poor child has to say,  
 But tells him he'd better be gone on his way.  
 "Next time better luck," he patiently said,  
 And then to Urania he cheerfully fled,  
 Who, drawing more closely around her white robe,  
 Laid her delicate hand on the heavenly globe,  
 And said that if every factory lass  
 Would join in an astronomical class  
 Her aid and instruction she'd gladly impart,  
 And attend to these girls with all of her heart.  
 The boy answered not, but he laughed in his sleeve,  
 For he thought 'twas as well quite to laugh as to grieve.  
 Then to Calliope he went, the last of the nine,  
 Who last, but not least, 'mongst her sisters does shine.  
 With a desperate effort his suit he preferred,  
 And the prayer of the boy she pleasantly heard;  
 His message she marked on her tablets so bright,  
 And said she would visit the maidens some night;  
 If but for amusement she promised to go,  
 And Zephyrus flew with his answers below.  
 And whether they'll think of the promises made,  
 And if they'll remember the girls who have prayed,  
 Why that we can't tell; but all readers may see  
 Who will give us their names, and pay us our fee.

## THE AFFECTIONS ILLUSTRATED IN FACTORY LIFE.

### N O. I.—T H E S I S T E R.

ONE pleasant summer evening, the girls at No. 20 were grouped in the doorway, to view a beautiful sunset sky. There are few evenings in the year when their hours of labor permit them this privilege, excepting upon the Sabbath, and those evenings are not always favorable to a glorious exhibition of the exit of the King of Day. They gazed upon him now, sinking lower and lower, "trailing clouds of glory," and, when he was gone, they turned away with the feeling, that this had been a happier and *longer* day than they had known for weeks. "The days and nights are as long as ever," is a common saying; but is it always true? Is not the brilliant summer day, which gives the laborer time to enjoy a rising sun before commencing his daily task, and to look upon its setting glories, as a brilliant closing scene to a wearisome drama, and which is followed by a long pleasant dreamy twilight—is not a day like this longer than that of a dark dull dreary desolate winter month, eked out at either end by the yellow stifling light of lamps, and demanding for the body a longer time for repose?

The girls in that doorway would have answered *yes*, and they turned away with the feeling that one pleasant incident is more of a day than hours of monotonous toil. Two of them still lingered, and throwing on a couple of bonnets and shawls, which hung near the door, they prepared for a walk by the river, in whose roseate depths the shadows of clouds and rocks and trees were transfixed, as if it were all one brilliant specimen of mosaic. Ere they left the house the stage stopped, and, leaving one female passenger and her trunk, wheeled rapidly away.



The new comer was a slight delicate-looking girl, apparently about sixteen years of age. With a faltering voice she inquired for the mistress of the house, and the girls kindly shew her into the sitting-room, and called Mrs. Matthews. Mrs. Matthews soon made her appearance, and the girls went out to the river.

"Can I be accommodated here with board, if I succeed in obtaining a place to work?" said the stranger, with a redder cheek and glistening eye.

"Why, let me see!" said Mrs. M., giving the plate, which she held in her hand, an extra wipe, with a coarse brown towel; "let me see, child: there's Hitty and Angeline, and their two cousins, in the lower front; and the four Graves girls in the upper front; and the bed-rooms are full; and the lower back is stuffed with down-easters, and so are the attics; but there is one place in the upper back, if you will sleep with a Scotch girl in the trundle-bed. May be you wouldn't like to do that, though it's as good a bed, and as good a girl, as any in the house."

"I have no objections to my bed-fellow being a Scotch girl, or to my bed being a trundle-bed, if those are the only difficulties," replied the new boarder; who then gave her name as Hannah Felton, and requested to be shown to her room.

"If this is your trunk, in the entry, wont you just take hold of one end of it, and I will help you take it up stairs; and then it will be out of the way," said Mrs. Matthews.

Hannah took hold of one handle, but she was weary and dispirited, and let it drop before she reached the stairs. Mrs. Matthews took hold of both, and carried the trunk up two flights of stairs.

"The Stillman girls are gone to meeting, but here is Ellen Campbell; may be you can talk with her; and I will get you some tea in less than five minutes;" and she left Hannah with Ellen, who shew her where to put her trunk, and made a place in the closet for her bonnet and shawl.

Hannah could easily understand Ellen, though her accent was strongly Scotch; and there was nothing in her looks to distinguish her from a Yankee girl. In less than five minutes a little bell tinkled in the passage, and Ellen told her that her supper was ready. Hannah soon found her way into the dining room, and sat down to take some much-needed refreshment. Mrs. Matthews had not troubled herself to replace the table-cloth, but, upon the usual oil-cloth cover, were huddled together the remnants of some hot cakes and custards, butter and cheese, a bowl of preserves, and some cold tea, with milk, but no sugar. The traveller's hunger was soon appeased, and Hannah felt no disposition to prolong her visit to the tea-table.

"You can sit here by the window, and I will get you the rocking-chair," said Mrs. M., who had been waiting to clear the table.

"She is a kind woman, after all," said Hannah to herself, as she sat down in the nicely cushioned chair; and she was correct.

There was a deep vein of the kindest feeling in Mrs. Matthews's heart; though, above it, there was a slight crust of asperity, which was misconstrued by those who did not consider how much of it was the effects of vexation and toil. With a large family of boarders to take care of, and no one to assist her, but a lame and stupid sister-in-law, it was not strange that she often fretted, and, at times, seemed harsh and unreasonable.

There is much in our condition to affect our tempers for better or worse; and those, whose lines have always been in pleasant places, should have

much charity for the less-favored ones, who have been always exposed to neglect, disappointment, contempt, and never-ending toil.

The room grew darker and darker, and the girls retired to their chambers, but Mrs. Matthews brought no lamp to Hannah, for she was too weary to stir, unless compelled by necessity, and she thought she could rest herself in the dark. The eyes of the stranger were strained at every passer-by; with a look of hope, as they approached, and disappointment as they went their way. At length she caught a glimpse of a tall robust form, whose lifted eyes scanned the numbers over the doors, and, exclaiming "It is Orville!" she sprang to the door, and welcomed the gentleman ere he had time to inquire for her.

Mrs. Matthews heard a bass voice in the room, and she brought them a lamp, and closed the doors. Hannah did not introduce her visitor; and when, after a short though earnest interview, he left her, she retired to her room.

She did not awake the next morning till Phebe Matthews hobbled into the room to make her bed, and then she found that her room-mates had all been at work more than an hour. She immediately arose, and was dressed in season to join the gay and loud-talking company at the breakfast-table. There was enough to eat, and that which was very good, but the girls had all given the stranger a scrutinizing stare and finished their meal, ere she had got through with her first cup of coffee.

"We always make room-mates take care of each other," said Mrs. M., entering the room with another plate of hot cakes, "and Martha Stillman must take the new boarder with her, when she goes into the mill, and show her the overseers, and counting-room folks, and help get her a place."

Martha hung her head, and looked sheepish; but, at length mustered courage to say that they must go then, or the gate would be shut.

The pretty face of Hannah Felton was a passport wherever she applied, and she had no difficulty in securing a situation; especially as no letters of recommendation were ever required: a custom which she thought very favorable for her, though she did not know whether it was best or not for all.

We will pass over the first months, and even the first year, of Hannah's novitiate in the mill; for, to herself, it passed much as the first year of such labor does to all. But there was trouble thickening around her. Her innocent looks and quiet manners had ingratiated all in her favor, with whom she had much personal intercourse; and, but for one circumstance, her situation would have been made as pleasant as possible, and that was the mystery that hung around her. Of her past life she had revealed nothing. Ellen Campbell felt too grateful and flattered by her invariable kindness to seek a confidence which was not voluntary. The Stillman girls were at meeting all day, on the Sabbath, and nearly every evening in the week, and with them there was but little opportunity for communications; and for a long time it was not observed, in the large family, how little they knew of the history of the stranger. To those who have any thing to conceal, or who feel unwilling that their affairs should be subject to general remark and investigation, there is a decided advantage in living where the observations of those about them are distributed among so many. Hannah was so gentle, so quiet, and pleasant, that she would have got along very well had it not been for the visits of the unknown gentleman. It was remarked that he never came till after dark, as though he wished to escape all observation that he could avoid, and



that they never conversed freely before any of the family, appearing to feel much constraint in the presence of others; and that they often walked together till it was quite late. There was a general desire in the family to know who he was, but it was considered one ascertained fact that he belonged to the city, for some of the boarders had passed him in the streets, and Martha Stillman knew that he attended Mr. B's. meeting.

"I will ask her who he is," said Phebe Matthews, one day, to her sister. "She sha'n't receive company here, that she is ashamed of, or who is ashamed of her, and of the house he visits."

"No, no, Phebe," replied Mrs. Matthews; "let her alone—it would make her feel bad to be asked now, she has kept it to herself so long; and you know we have never seen any hurt in either of them."

Phebe made no answer, for she felt that Hannah could be accused of no other impropriety than the mere reception of the gentleman's visits. It also required some bravery to ask, bluntly, a question which had always been so carefully evaded. But she was resolved to "screw her courage to the sticking point."

"Pray, who is that gentleman, who has just left the house?" said she to Hannah, one Sabbath evening, just as her visitor left her. "What is his name?"

Poor Hannah turned red and white, and then red and white again, and stammered out, "He is a friend, Phebe—a dear friend—indeed we are related; we bear the same name—his is Orville Felton. You know I always call him Orville." And she had fled to her chamber ere Phebe could resume her questioning.

"I don't believe any thing about his being a relative," said Phebe to herself; "and, with all her pretty looks and innocent ways, I believe she is a dreadful hypocrite; and may be something worse." She put on one of her blandest smiles, and went to Hannah's chamber, to get the lamp. "Isn't he your lover?" said she, endeavoring to look very cunning.

"We have loved each other, ever since we have known each other," replied Hannah, quietly.

"But don't you feel a particular regard for him?"

"Perhaps so."

"And hav'n't you ever thought of him as a lover?"

"Never."

"But don't you think he loves you?"

"I hope so."

"Well, I should think if he had any proper respect and regard for you, that he would not visit you in the manner he does; and that he might show you some attention publicly; and go with you to meeting, and to the lyceum, and to concerts; or, if he is ashamed to be seen with you anywhere else, I should think he might take you to the museum. You know it isn't so much matter there who a gentleman is seen with."

Poor Hannah reddened more furiously than ever, and hid her blushing face in the pillow. Phebe stood watching her, with the lamp in her hand, and did not leave her till she saw, by the heavings of the counterpane, that her frame was convulsed with suppressed sobbings.

"I don't know what to make of the girl," said she to her sister, when she related the occurrence. She does not appear to be a wicked girl; and you know she does not dress up, nor any thing of that sort. There

is not a girl in the house who spends so little money. If it was not for that man I should think her one of the best boarders that we have."

The next time the stranger came the girls all left the room, that his usual short interview might not be constrained by their presence. Phebe Matthews went into the room, and, under pretence of taking her knitting-work from the window-sill, she drew the curtain slightly awry. After she had left them together long enough to suppose they might have forgotten every thing, and every body, but themselves, she went out, and peeped through the window. Horror of horrors! the unknown had his arm around Hannah's neck, and she was looking into his face with a very sad and earnest expression. She held in her hand a small ivory miniature.

"I must go now," said Orville, for this was really his name; and, taking from her the miniature, he gallantly touched it to his lips, and then placed it in his bosom.

"Will you not come again soon?" said Hannah imploringly. "I sometimes feel as though I should die if you did not visit me, and I don't know but they will kill me if you do."

"I cannot come often, but whenever I can you shall certainly see me."

"And when will you be married, Orville? O, will it not be soon? It seems as though I should die to stay here much longer. I am sick now, mind and body both. I shall be really sick I know."

"Cheer up, my dear, for a little while. Better days are certainly coming for us both;" and he kissed her cheek, as she burst into tears.

Phebe turned from the window when she saw him take his hat, and she was soon sitting beside her sister.

"I do believe the Old Harry is in the girl," said she, at length, "and we must tell her to find another boarding place. The Stillman girls say that they shall go away if she stays here longer."

"Well," replied Mrs. Matthews, "Ellen Campbell says that she will go, if Hannah is turned away, so that would make it even; and I cannot turn Hannah away until I see something myself. I should not feel as though it was right."

"Well, I don't want to see any thing more than I have seen to-night," replied Phebe, with a very mysterious look. "I am convinced now, and you know I have had my thoughts this long while." She then related what she had seen, coloring all the circumstances from her own suspicious imagination, and justifying herself for her mode of obtaining the information.

"Tell her," said Mrs. Matthews, "that she must promise to see the gentleman no more, or leave my house at the close of the week."

"I will never make such a promise," said Hannah, decidedly, to Phebe, when the message was given.

The whole family were in a state of high excitement. All were arrayed against Hannah but Ellen Campbell, and Mrs. Matthews, who endeavored to remain neutral. Martha Stillman was sister to the overseer's wife, and went over to his house to tell him about it, and advise him to discharge Hannah from his room. She thought it was high time that such girls should see that they could not come to a factory, to do whatever they pleased. The overseer had a room full of help, and one of his old favorites, who had just returned from a visit to her relatives, was waiting for frames. Martha carried back word to Hannah that she must leave her work in a fortnight. The poor girl made no reply, but her lips were pale



and compressed, and her eyes were bloodshot. The next morning she was not at work in the mill; and, when the girls met at the breakfast-table, her place was vacant. Ellen Campbell went to her room, and found her in a high fever. She called Mrs. Matthews, who looked conscience-stricken, as she witnessed the effect of mental excitement and trouble on the slight and over-tasked frame of Hannah.

A physician was sent for, who shook his head, and looked very dubious. "She may recover; and she may not," said he, feeling of her pulse.

"I know that," replied Mrs. Matthews, "but which do you think is most probable?"

"The chances are equal," was his reply. "Is there a good girl to take care of her?"

"I will do it," said Ellen Campbell; "for that purpose I can obtain leave of absence from the mill."

The doctor soon left them, and Ellen took her station, as nurse, beside the sick bed. For several days she did all in her power to keep her charge as quiet as possible, and for that reason did not allow her to converse, especially upon the exciting subject which was on her lips and heart.

As the fever approached its crisis Ellen felt alarmed. "If she should die," thought she to herself, "what other friend has she to grieve for her loss? There is *that one* certainly; and I, at least, may know more about him."

"Hannah!" said she, approaching the bed-side, and speaking in a low, but apparently cheerful, voice.

"Dear Ellen," replied Hannah, faintly.

"Have you no friends whom you wish to have informed of your sickness?"

"Tell me truly, Ellen, do you think I shall die? I am prepared for any answer."

"The doctor said, this morning, that your recovery was very doubtful."

Hannah turned away her face with an expression of agony, and large tears stole down her fevered cheeks.

She then directed Ellen to go to a house in the city, naming the street and number, and inquire for Olivia Ainsworth. If she was there, to request her to visit her immediately.

Ellen called Mrs. Matthews to her place by the sick bed, and complied with the wish of her friend. She soon found the house, and the young lady promptly made her appearance. She drew up haughtily as Ellen delivered her message, without giving the name of the sick girl.

"I am not acquainted upon the corporations," she replied, with an air of offended dignity.

"My friend did not say that she was an acquaintance of yours; but she is dying, and would like to see you once."

"Are you sure that I am the person?"

"If your name is Olivia Ainsworth, you are the one whom my friend wishes to see."

Miss Ainsworth's curiosity was excited, and she consented to accompany Ellen to the sick bed of her friend. She said nothing till they reached the house, and then merely uttered the exclamation, "How disagreeable!" as she ascended the first flight of stairs. She put her handkerchief to her nostrils, as she entered the sick-room; but, when she had cast one glance

at the dying girl, her haughtiness vanished, in an instant, and she stood, a sympathizing woman, by the unknown female.

"Is there any thing that I can do for you?" she gently inquired.

"Tell me," asked Hannah, exerting herself for the interview, "if you are engaged to be married to Orville Felton."

"*I am*," replied Miss Ainsworth; and she turned pale as the idea of a lowly and much-wronged rival entered her mind.

"But you are wealthy, and he is poor."

"I have wealth enough for us both."

"But his connexions are not among the wealthy and fashionable."

"He has talents which, in time, will shed a lustre upon them."

"But would you marry him if you knew that his only sister was a *factory girl*?"

A new light seemed to flash upon Miss Ainsworth, as she scanned more earnestly the features and complexion of the sufferer.

"I would *never* marry a man who could deceive me."

At that moment the door opened, and Phebe Matthews limped into the room, followed by Orville Felton.

"My dear sister!" he exclaimed, springing towards the bed.

Hannah faintly returned his embrace, and there was, upon her features, a transient smile of mingled bitterness and joy.

He started as he first observed Miss Ainsworth, but offered her his hand, though he crimsoned to the roots of his hair.

She coldly declined the proffered salute, which Hannah observed, and, starting from her pillow, she exclaimed, "For my sake, be friends now! This is no time for reproaches, even if we have any right to rebuke each other. But we have all done wrong, though Orville may have been the most to blame."

Miss Ainsworth arose to go, and Felton followed, promising to return immediately. She pressed the hand of the patient tenderly in her own, ere she departed, and said she would call upon her soon.

She rejected the arm of Felton, and he felt that he was a discarded suitor; but he was resolved she should hear something in his defence.

He told her of his admiration upon their first acquaintance; and that, though he was much struck with her beauty, her talents, and accomplishments, he was equally aware of her extreme pride. But he considered that her only fault, and did not expect to find a woman faultless. And, when he had resolved to win her for his bride, he knew that it must be by concealing all in his own situation which would offend her sense of dignity. He had sent for his sister to work in the mill, that the small pittance, she received from the remains of their father's fortune, might be appropriated for his expenses, which were much increased by his connection with her. He had intended to repay her quadruple, when his approaching marriage should bestow upon him the means of being generous; and it was in accordance with his earnest desire that she had faithfully kept the secret of their relationship. He did not tell all; for he did not inform her that part of Hannah's earnings had been willingly given to him, and that he had lavished them upon love-tokens for her. He said enough, however, to make her feel that she had been wronged, insulted, and basely deceived, and she told him, plainly, that she was disgusted. Requesting that his visits might thenceforth cease, she bade him adieu, and retired to her room.



And did there come to Olivia Ainsworth no thought that she had done wrong? that in her pride, and foolish contempt of the factory operative, so often and vehemently expressed to her lover, had been the origin of all this sorrow, and vexation, and perhaps of *death*? No, not then; for it was no time for calm reflection; but, in her visits to the sick girl, she learned many a sad and much-needed lesson.

And if the deepest contrition, the firmest resolves of amendment, be any expiation, then was the sin of Orville Felton forgiven as he watched by the bed of his lovely affectionate self-sacrificing sister. In her love, and her sweet silent influence, he felt that he was a regenerated being. She did more than this, she reconciled him to her who still loved him, and whom he yet loved; for who could resist the sweet pleadings of the gentle girl? or the humbling influences of that sick-room? When they sat with her during her long convalescence, for she did recover, she told them gently, but truly, how much they had erred—how they had cherished the opinions and prejudices of the vain and fashionable, in spite of their own better judgment, and their own kinder feelings.

They could listen to these gentle reproaches from her, and acknowledge their justice; and when, one day, they sat each with a hand of hers in theirs, she pressed them together, and prayed that what she had joined might not be put asunder.

The hand of Olivia trembled in that of Orville, and he looked at her with a troubled, yet hopeful, expression.

“For the sake of calling this sweet girl my sister, I will be your wife,” replied Olivia, blushing. “Her love has saved us all.”

O, beautiful is the love of a sister! It is a love as pure as deep and tender, as the human heart can feel. A mother's love is all this, but it is also too often a blind love. She too seldom sees the imperfections of her son, or looks at them with an eye which turns the dark spots to brightness. And there is another love in woman's heart. “I love him with his faults; nay, I love him faults and all,” is the language of passion. It may do well for a bride, but too *true* for this should be a sister's love. She should love with an eye open to every fault, but watching to correct it. This is her hardest task, and how is it to be accomplished? One thing she should ever remember, and that is, that man's proud spirit will not brook reproach or rebuke from a sister. Remonstrance, gentle kind warning and advice, are all that she can utter with her lips, but if she wish to preach it must be by her actions. Let the brother see her steadfast in duty, firm in principle, and unchanging in affection, and an influence, silent, sweet and sure, is shed around him. But for this she must really love; she must be ready and willing to sacrifice her pleasures, comforts, and, if need be, her interests, for his sake. I have seen those who, from what I thought mistaken ideas of duty, were continually lecturing their brothers. But it did no good. “That is women's talk,” would be the only reply. And harm was done, for the sweet intercourse of brother and sister was rudely broken, and passions aroused which had better have slept for ever. In some cases silence may be a sister's most effectual remonstrance, and in others, a single expression of wounded feeling will work far more of cure than hours spent in reproof. But when the sister does reprove, it should be with this concession, that not her better knowledge of right and wrong, but her superior advantages for perceiving them have given her the power. When the brother embarks upon the busy sea of life, the sister is often

left an idle spectator on the strand. She can mark the tide as it ebbs and flows; she can see the vessels as they rush along upon the billows; she can watch the gathering clouds, and catch the first glimpses of the coming storm. Then can she warn him of his danger, firmly and truly, but without arrogance or conceit, for this has been unheeded by him, not from less strength of vision, but because his eyes were fixed upon far other objects. Happy is the sister who has not this task; she who looks upon a brother's sunny career, and there beholds no cloud or shadow.

The brother may leave a lowly home with the determination that riches and honors shall be his; down in the humble vale the sister may stand, and view, with a heart that leaps at every joyful throb of his, the upward path he treads; and if he ascends where the sun of fame and fortune glitters brightly upon him, and his dazzled eye sees not the snares and pitfalls which surround his steps, then should she raise the voice of love, and kindly tell him of his danger. If he heed her not, but stumble and fall, she should come with a soothing voice and ready hand, to bind his wounds and cheer his heart.

When men are in affliction, to our sex they turn for sympathy and consolation; and if they find it not, they are but too ready to accuse all mankind of selfishness, obduracy, and hardness of heart. When a brother finds himself sunk in misfortune and infamy, to whom should he turn but to a sister? And she should be ever ready to receive him to her heart, for she alone (unless he has a mother) can do this without a sacrifice of principle or delicacy. Wretched and degraded he may be, but she should think of early days spent happily together, and of those who were alike the parents of both. But if, far above her, the brother keeps his onward way, and the world set a broad line between them, and treat him with much distinction, but pass her unheeded by, still she should heed it not. Ever should she retain her self-respect, for by this means, and this alone, can she preserve his. Never should she forget that kindred blood fills the veins of each, and that the same fond bosom pillowed both their infant heads. To him should she be still the same—calm and dignified, though kind and affectionate. If she continues to influence him, it will be by the steady love she cherishes, and the respect which virtue and affection inspire in all men. A sister can, in one respect, exert an influence which the mother cannot: she can enter more warmly into his plans and pursuits—can feel and talk more with him about them, for the young often slight the counsels of the aged and wise, because they think them dictated by unsympathizing hearts.

If the brother go far from his friends, and seek among strangers a home and a name, even there should he feel that a sister's changeless love has followed him; that she prays for his weal, and sorrows in his wo; that she cherishes his remembrance at the fireside he has left, and often reminds his acquaintance of the one they might otherwise forget. And never by neglect should she allow his love for her and the dear ones at home to lessen or decay. It is a hallowed flame, which should be fed by a constant interchange of thought and feeling. Though his duties to God and his fellow-man, are not affected by her conduct towards him, yet the fear of giving a pang to those who still love and watch him, may be a safeguard in the hour of trial and temptation.

And when the brother seeks to replace, by other ties, those which have been severed, the sister should not be troubled. She may never more



hold her wonted place in his heart, but she should rejoice that the place is not vacant. It should be enough for her that he is more happy; and never, for frivolous causes, should she indulge in feelings of dislike, or distrust, towards the new sister with which he presents her. She may be disappointed at his choice—she may grieve if he was infatuated or deceived, but never should pride, anger, or jealousy, make wide a breach which should never have been opened. Seldom should she interfere in his matrimonial choice, unless she receive that greatest proof of confidence which a brother can give, the right to assist and guide him in his selection, and then readily, cheerfully and conscientiously should she render her aid. And in every period and situation of life, should the brother feel, that in a sister's love he possesses a treasure greater than Golconda's mines or Peruvian mountains can bestow.

I know that it is easier to theorize than to practice, but she who cannot act well and truly the sister's part, should beware how she take upon herself other ties, and other obligations. \* \* \* \*

The first time that Hannah Felton left the house it was to attend the bridal fete of her happy brother, and the beautiful Miss Ainsworth; and as Orville looked upon his blushing wife, and then turned to his pale and lovely sister, he knew not which was dearest to him, the full-blown rose, or budding lily.—

"I declare," said Mrs. Matthews, as she divided a slice of the wedding cake with her sister, "I always knew they looked alike. Strange that we never thought of their being brother and sister."

"Well, I could never bring my mind to believe that there was any thing *bad* about her," replied Phebe.

"Not even when you saw her brother put his arm around her neck, and kiss her," said Ellen Campbell, archly.

Phebe limped away, for she knew that her version of that story was now known to be incorrect. And there was not one of the family but wished they had been as kind and forbearing with the gentle stranger as Ellen Campbell.

ADELIA.

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## EDITORIAL.

TO OUR PATRONS. We presume that our former readers will feel some interest in knowing the causes which have induced us to resume our editorial vocation, and something of the present situation and prospects of the *Offering*.

When we wrote the article, which closed the third volume of the *Offering*, it was thought most prudent to discontinue its publication. The proprietor wished to drop it, and no one then appeared willing to take it up. But, before the covers were printed, the printers had offered to take upon themselves the responsibility of its publication, rather than that it should cease to exist; and such was the announcement finally made. Since that time it has passed into the hands of the two principal contributors, and we have purchased the right and good-will of the *Lowell Offering*, and have taken upon ourselves the risk of its publication, depending for support upon the favor of those who are interested in the good name and fame of the female factory operative, and of all who sympathize in the aspirations of the laboring classes.

We appealed in the introductory editorial to the last volume, to the gallantry of

the gentlemen for support, and that claim is strengthened now, by the fact that our magazine is not only *written* and *edited*, but also *PUBLISHED* by *factory girls*.

But we can appeal to a worthier feeling than mere gallantry—even of *patriotism*—for is not the Lowell Offering the only literary magazine which has entirely originated in our democratic institutions—the only one for which there is no counterpart in any other country?

We believe that it is, and it is this assurance which emboldens us to appeal for support to a community already flooded with light periodicals. We do not promise any thing like an adequate return for the fee of our subscribers. The embellishments of the Offering will be regulated by the support we receive, and we have never claimed for ourselves high literary merit.

In the literary world the Offering has been somewhat of a pet, and now, that it is just entering its fourth year, we hope its attractions will not cease. The days of infancy have passed, but the period of helplessness has not gone by; and words of love, and fostering cares, are now as necessary as they have been hitherto. Whether grace and beauty will increase with added strength, remains to be seen; and whether, with time, we gain strength, is doubtful. It may be that the Offering is to pine and die in early existence—that its only attraction has been that of infancy—that its character is such that it cannot be matured; or that years can never bestow aught but the decrepitude of age.

The Offering, we are aware, has been patronized as a “LITERARY CURIOSITY,” not as a *literary treasure*; but as the novelty wears away, the merit should increase in order to retain the interest. We cannot promise to improve—we will endeavor to do so, and we will hope that if our contributions have no other value, they may be regarded as faithful transcripts of factory life wherever they aim to portray it, and of the intellectual culture and capacities of our factory *bleus*.

Our magazine, this year, will be conducted similarly to the last volume, unless we can alter for the better, which we should like to do. As our writers and patrons are of all denominations, it will, of course, remain free from sectarianism. It need not follow that *religion* should be banished from our pages. With regard to politics we, as females should do, remain entirely neutral; but we acknowledge no other restrictions. With these two exceptions we come before our readers with no manacles upon our wrists, no fetters upon our feet, no chains upon our limbs, and no muzzle upon our lips.

The Abolition of Intemperance, Slavery, and War, is now discussed in the different publications dedicated to those subjects; neither are we capable of assisting in their discussion; but if in any tale or review, these topics are hereafter touched upon, we hope our patrons will trust to our wisdom and prudence that it shall be done reasonably; or, if not, that they will excuse in us the lack of reason, wisdom, and prudence.

The subject of *LABOR* is peculiarly our own; and all thoughts and ideas upon this topic, which our contributors may think fit to offer, shall find a place in our pages, provided the tone of the article be not such as to exclude it.

Trusting to the generosity of our old patrons, and the kindness of those whose favors have not heretofore been bestowed upon us, we present to them this first number of another volume. And may the smiles of our Father in Heaven rest, not only upon us, and all who are connected with us, but also upon those who are inimical to our welfare, and revilers of our exertions. H. F.

In this number we commence a long tale, “The Smuggler,” by the author of “Kate in Search of a Husband;” a work which has been very popular, and we think this story is by no means inferior to that. We consider it a great merit that it is founded upon facts; and that its characters are drawn from life. Of course, in the more dramatic portions of the story, something of delicacy must be sacrificed to truthful delineation. It cannot be expected that men, with whom almost every other sentence is an oath, should converse with the purity of those in more favorable circumstances of life. It may also be objected that the hero of our tale is represented as too good—is made too interesting—that he enlists some of our sympathies, and that his occupation is too favorably represented. For ourselves we can only say that the Offering does not claim to be a standard in ethics, and those who read it are, usually, of a class not likely to be influenced in any way prejudicial to their morals.